

WITS
PRIVATE
WEALTH.

STORED

With choice of Com-

modities to content the
Mindo.

SA: BAKER



Thomas — LONDON. Printed by THOMAS FAUCET, for GEORGE HVELP,
and are to be sold at his Shop neare St. Martin's Church.

642.

THE
PICTURES
OF
CHRISTIANITY
IN
THE
NEW
TESTAMENT



F *la nova Editio juxtabeo
Exemplar.*

April, 10. 1639.

S A : B A K E R .



*To the right Worshipfull, my much and
much worthy beloved Friend JOHN CROOKE,
Sonne and Heire to Sir JOHN CROOKE Knight,
all prosperity on Earth, and the joy
of Heaven.*

 O present you with a long discourse, might perhaps weary you in the Reading, and to write obscurely, might be a trouble to your understanding: To avoid therfore inconveniences, I have chosen this little piece of Labour to fit the patience of idle leisure; hoping that as in fore-ages, men of great Titles would patronize the writing of good Studies, not regarding the estate or quality of the person, to your true Spirits that can rightly judge of the nature of well-deserving, will not altogether shut my Booke (with my better service) out of your good favour: The Subjects are many, and of divers natures, but (as many Flowers in one Nose-gay) they are heere puttethor in a little Volume, which perused with that good patience that may make profit of Experience, I hope shall give you some way contentment and no way the contrary: but lest I make too great an Entry to a little House, I will shut the doore to my speech, and only rest in some better service.

*Your affectionatly at command,
N. BRITTON.*

Piccola è la stella che de Lune grande.

To the Reader.



On that shall happen to light on this piece
of a Booke, how you will or can judge of
what you read, I know not: if it be well,
I am glad you are pleased, if otherwise,
it is past the print, and too late to be
merited: many things are comprehended
in a little roome, and he that reads all
and takes good by none at all, I am perswaded, is either
uncapable or carelesse: to be short, such as they be, I send
them to you, set downe with the dayes of the yeare: in halfe
one day you may read them, and ever after thinke on them
as you can conceive, digest, or remember them: some of
them were written by wiser men then my selfe, and for the
rest (like wero in a Shop) the good must helpe away with the
bad: To conclude, I commend them with my further love
and service, to the fatour of those spirits that judging the
best, will not say the worst: Among whom, hoping you are one
to fill up the number of honest men. I rest,

Your friend as I may,

N. B.

Wits



Wits private Wealth.



Ee that takes much and gives nothing shall have more wealth then love.

Hee that gives much and takes nothing, shall have many thankes and few friends.

He that spends his youth in Whoring and Dycing, may curse the bones, and cry out upon the flesh.

He that buids Castles in the Ayre, in hope of a new world, may breake his nec ke ere he come halfe to his age.

He that meets an ill-favoured Woman in the mraing fasting, 'tis oddes he shall not see a worle fight before dinner.

He that teileth a lye and binds it with an Oath, is either weak in Wit, or vicle in conscience.

He that braggeth much of a little worth, hath made his tongue an overthrow to his wit.

He that marrieth a rich wife, and abuseth Matrimony, will either begge among Rogues, or hang for good company.

He that eryes before he is hurt, hath learned wit to avoyd paine, and he that cryeth after a hurt, must clearene patience for ease.

He that oweth money, and cannot pay it, is agent for sorrow but he that hath it, and will not pay it, is a steward for the Divell.

He that scoffeth at God, is already with the Divell, and though he walke in the world, he hath a hell in his Conscience.

He that selleth his cloathes to be drunke, with die money will begge for age, and starve for food.

He that tiseth early and mal eth lighte meales, keepes his body in health, and his stomacke in temper.

He that makes Religion a cloake for villany, deviseth with the Devil to cozen his soule of her comfort.

If you see a faire Wench leere after you when you are past, lay your hand on your heart for feare of your purse.

If a stranger serape acquaintance with you in some private place thinke he wants wealth, or his honesty is out of tune.

He that selleth his ware, and liveth by the losse, must give over his trade, or die in a poore case.

A kind hearted man is easily abusid, and a high spirited woman must be warily obserued.

If you offend God, repentance will haye pardon, but if you offend the Law, take heed of execution.

If you marry a whore, make much of the horne, but if you marry a scold, fail to your prayers.

If you have a friend and cannot use him, you want wit, but if you abuse his love, you want honesty.

He that tyeth his love to beauty, may bring his heart to trouble, and he that marrieth a foule woman, doth wrong to his eyefight.

He that will never lend, is unworthy to borrow, but he that comes into suretisnhip, is in the way to undoing.

If you see an offenders punishment, pray for amendment: but if a honest courter be hanged, it is happy for Travailers.

To give a woman her will, may be hurt to her wit: and to bryde her nature, may move passion beyond reason.

To build a houle without money, is but a dreame of folly, and to travell among Theeves is danger of life.

He that spends more then he gets, will hardly be rich, and he that speakes more then he knowes, will never be counted wise.

He that least fayneth, is the best man, and he that never removeth is the worst.

A prodigall spender will keepe coyne from cankestering and greedy miser will gnaw out the heart of a purse.

He that travayleth a strange way, hid need of a gyde, and if he want money he must fare hard.

A mouse in a cupboard will marre a whole cheese, and an

an ill-tongued woman will trouble a whole Towne.

He that is given to sleepe, is borne to much trouble, and to
ever wach nature, may be a hurt to wit.

He that leaveth the learned to live with the ignorant, may
happen upon some wealth, but he shall never be wise.

An untrusty servant may rob a man of his goobs, but a dog-
ged wife will vex his heart.

If you see a Trull, scarce give her a nod, but follow her not
leaff you prove a Noddy.

A courteous Phisitian will make much of his Patient, and
time pleasers are no true Divines.

Strong Beere hath two coronary vertues, it will quench
thirst, and warme a stomacke.

He that offendeth God to please a creature, is like him that
killith himselfe to avoide a hurt.

She that loves to make faces, may have an Ape for her
Schoole-maister, and he that feeds her humours, puts his wits to
much trouble.

He that loueth many can hardly please all, and he that loueth
none, is either dogged or foolish.

A foole that is rich shal be followed with Beggers, but the
virtuous and wise are truely honourable.

He that feasteth the rich, makes a friendship with Mammon,
but he that relieveth the poore, is blessed of God.

A whores teares are a fooles poyson, and a Thieves watch is a
Travailers woe.

The shot of a Canon makes a terrible report, but hee that
starts at the noys of it, will hardly prove a Souldier.

The sound of a Trapet, stirs up the spirits for a Souldier,
but if his heart failes him, he will not fight.

Womans Tyres is an idle commodity, and to live by Pand-
risme is a roguish Profession.

Swearing and lying is much among wicked men, and yet
being so little believed, I wonder they do not leave it.

A proud spirit is hatefull to nature, and he that is unthank-
full for Little, is worthy of nothing.

The hopes of the virtuous makes harvest in heaven, and
the delaire of the wicked brings aher Souls to hell.

The spiders web is a net for a Fly, and a flattering tongue is
a trap for a foole.

The sight of a Sword will affright a Coward, while a seasoned
Souldier makes a Flea-bite of a wound.

A partiall Judge makes a pittifull Law, and a dumbe Preacher
a pittifull parish.

A bloody Souldier makes a pitifull warre, and he that trusteth
an Eueny, may be betrayed ere he be aware.

The Souldiers honour is got with great travell, while the
Usurer tumbleth in the ease of his wealth.

The true Spirit regards no droſie, and he that makes a God of
his Gold, will goe to the Devill like a Begger.

He that leaves his spurres in his horses belly, may fit downe
and figh when he is weary with walking.

He that will paſſe quietly thorow a Common-Wealth, must
avoyd the Foole, and take heed of the knave.

An Usurper of a Crowne will breed murmuſes in a Kingdome,
But a wile Governour is worthy of his place.

He that cloyeth his stomack, is an enemy to nature, and to o-
uer-charge witt, is an abuſe to reaſon.

Vanity and pride make the Fooles paradise, while love and
Beautey are the Nurses of Idlenes.

Blesſed Children are the Parents joyes, while the barren wombe
is the curse of nature.

A Wise Generall and a valiant Leader, are very requisite in a
Campe, but tyranie in a conquest disgraceth the Souldier.

The Glowormes belly is the candle of the Earth, and the
Phoenix n̄t is to high for the world.

The longest day will have night at laſt, and age will wither
the smoothest ſkin in the world.

The dearth of Corne makes Farmers rich, but to starve the
people is the shame of a State.

No Preaching in the world will make a Jew a Christian,
and a Cutpurſe will be at his worke when the Thiefe is at the
Gallowes.

He that hath leſt his eyes, may bid his friends good night,
and he that is going to the Grave, hath made an end with the
world.

A faire

A faire man is like Curds and creame, and a foule woman the
griefe of the eyes.

A witty wanton is a pleasing Mistris, but an honest Huswife
is the best to breed on.

He that is given to drinking is subject to the dropsie, and a
liquorish Grocer will eate out his gaine.

A Garden is pleasant if it be full of faire flowers, so is a faire
woman indued with good qualities.

A faire flower without scent, is like a faire woman without
grace.

Hearbes are wholesome gathered in their time, and money
well used is an excellent Metall.

If Christmas lasteth all the yeare, what would become of
Lent? and if every day were Good-friday, the World would
be weary of fasting.

The ~~griefe~~ of the heart is a weakening of the body, but the
worme of conscience eates into the very soule.

A jest is never well broken, but when it hurteth not the hear-
ers, and profiteth the speaker.

Hope is comfortable in absence, but possession is the true
pleasure.

Words out of time are lost, and service unrewarded is mis-
erable.

To follow Fooles in the annoyance of wit, and to serve a
Churle is miserable slavery.

Variety of acquaintance is good for observation, and to make
use of knowledge proves the fence of understanding.

Early rising gaines the morning, and a darke night is the
Theeves watch.

A fantastical Traveller is the figure of an Ape, and a proud
woman is a fooles Idol.

The eye is small, yet it seeth much, and the heart but little,
and yet it is the life of the body.

The hope of profit makes labour easie, and the hand of boun-
ty winnes the heart of vertue.

A Candle gives a dimme light in the Sunne, and where *Diana*
keeps her Count, *Cupid* is out of countenance.

A man is dead when he sleepeth, and darkenesse is the sorrow
of time.

There is no true rich man but the contented, not truly poore but the covetous.

A weake body is not for travell, nor a simple wit for aScepter. No man liveth that doth not sometimes amisse, but he that delighteth in sinne is a Divell incarnate.

They that love their beds, are great Flea-feeders, and he that spends his spirits, cannot have a strong body.

The rich mans goods makes him fearefull to dye, and the poore mans want makes him weary of his life.

The fire of anger burneth the soule, and the cold of feare chilleth the heart.

Snuffe a Candle and it will burne cleere, and cut off dead flesh and the wound will heale the sooner.

The heart-ache brings the body into sicknesse, but the Worme of conscience breeds the soules torment.

Times alter nature, and honours manners, but a vertuous heart will never yeld to villany.

Miseries are the tryall of patience, but Love is the master of passions.

Thought is a swift Traveller, and the soule is in heaven in an instant.

A kind nature winneth love, but a stubborne spirit is a plague to reason.

The disease of opinion doth beguile us in the tast of happiness, while the vantie of delights is but the superfluities of desires.

Patience at the point of death, sets a seale to the perfections, of life.

How vaine is the love of riches, which may be lost, or left in an instant?

In the tryall of truth, excuse will not helpe dishonesty.

Try wits by their wisdom, and love them for their vertue.

Rejoyce not in any mans miserie, but be pittifull to thy very Enemy, and comforte the afflicted in what is fit for charity.

Follow not the amorous. For they are humorous, nor the humorous, for they are idle.

Give what thou doest frankely, and be master of thine owne purse, least base fearefully make abridgement of thy bounity.

Be not jealous withoute just caues, and doe no wrong for any

Wits private wealth.

If thou doest ill, doe not excuse it: if well, doe not boast of it. Nature inclined to evill, must by correction be brought to god, for discretion by instruction, findes the way to perfection.

The key of wantonnes, openeth the doore unto wickednesse.

The cares of busynesse, and the variety of p'leasures, are the soules hindrance to her highest happenesse.

Sinne comes with conception, but grace one'y by inspiration

In repentence of sinne, sorrow bringeth comfort.

Where Pride is poyson to power, and Will an enemy to pa-
tience, there Envie can endure no equality, till death put an end
to desire.

Greater is the grieve to lose then never to have, and to see the
fall of vertue, then the death of nature.

Irrevocablie is the losse of time, and incomparable the grieve
of ingratitude, but the abuse of love, is abhorred in nature.

When a Dog howles, an Owle sings, a Woman scolds, and a
Pigge cryes, whether for a penny is the best musick?

Ful hearts cannot weepe, and swallowed sighes make swolne
breifs, while wildome covereth woes, till death cover wretched-
nesse.

Who aboureth for knowledge, makes a benefit of time, but he
that loveth vertue, lookes after eternity.

The intruiction of truth makes the wit gracious, while the
practice of craft makes the heart impious.

He that makes beauty a Starre, studies a false Astronomy,
and he that is soundly in love, needs no other purgatory.

The depth of passion, tryeth the sleight of patience, where if
wit bridie not the senzes, nature will reveale her imperfection.

The remembrance of vanities, is a reviving of miseries, where
the Looking-glasse of life, becomes an hourre-glaſſe of death.

The exercize of venery, is the Cow-path to beggery, and he
that dimisheth his flocke, may goe to the hedge for a itake.

The Lan-lords prodigality, makes the Tenants profit, and a
proud begger is a dogged Rascall.

A Cat my lose a Mouſe, and catch her againe, but he that los-
eth me can never recover it.

When rich men dye, they are buried with pompe, but when
good men dye, they are buried with teares.

wits private wealth.

Bloody actions makes fearefull visions, while the joy of peace
is the Spirits Paradise.

When all under the Sunne is vanity, where hath vertue her
dwelling in the World? But onely in the heart of the Elect,
whose love is onely in the Heavens.

An intemperate spirit spoiles the body, and a proud heart
gives a wound to the soule.

The shame of wit is folly, and the shame of nature sinne.

Who travelleth out of the World to seeke the truch of Hea-
vens History, if he be not assured of Grace, will make but an
unhappy journey.

Comfortable is the Grave where death is the end of griefe,
but joyfull is that Faith, that findes the life of Eternity.

A Knight that dares not fight, hath honour in je t, and a Mer-
chant without money may adventure for nothing.

The pinching of the body makes a stinking breath, and strait
Shooes fill the feet full of cornes.

Woenen with child long for many things, but all the World
longs for money.

A great wit may have a weake body, and a great head but a
little wit.

The Dolphin is held the swiftest Fish in the See, but the
thought of a man hath no comparison in the World.

The Tyger is said to be the cruellest beast in the World, but
an Usurer upon a bond will goe to the Divell for money.

A Mayden-blush is an excellent colour, and a vertuous wit
makes a Virgin honourable.

A constant Lover is an admirable creature, but the man of
wealth goes thorow the World.

Officers are sweet in the nature of gaine, but the abuse of an
Officer is the burthen of Conscience.

A sore eye is ever running, and a Gossips tongue is ever
babbling.

Crosse paths many times put a man out of his way, and crosse
fortunes many wayes put a man out of his wits.

Great winds are dangerous at Sea, so is a Judges breath to
an offender.

The Philosophers stone hath mockt a number of Students,

and Love hath troubled a world of idle people.

Virginity is pretious while it is purely kept, but if it catch a cracke, the beauty is gone.

The eyes grow dimme when they come to Spectacles, and it is cold in Valleyes, when snow lyeth on the Mountaines.

The sting of a Scorpion is onely healed with his blood, and where beauty wounds, love makes the cure.

Imprisonment and death are the miseries of nature, and the Sergeants Mace is a hellish weapon.

A Child that feares not the rod will hardly prove gracious, and a man that feares not God, will be in Hell ere he be aware.

Elixirs are great restoratives, but much Physicke is offensive to nature.

A pen without Inke writes a very blanck letter, and a purse without money makes many a cold heart.

Stolne Venison is sweet, so the stealer can scape, but if he be caught, he will pay for his hunting.

The Anglers sport is full of patience, and if he lose his hooke, he makes a faire filhing.

A shower of rainedoth well in a drought, but when dust turnes to durt, the house is better then the high-way.

A little Salt seasons a great Pot, and a little poyson kils a World of people.

Jewels are as they are esteemed, and there is nothing forced that is welcome.

A little Seed will sow a great ground, and a snuffe of a Candle will set a whole house on fire.

The want of necessaries breaks the heart of an honest man, and to be beholding to a Chirle, is death to a good mind.

When the rich prey on the poore, and the poore pray for the rich, there is great difference in praying.

A Scold and a foole must bee answereed with silence, while Widomes words are worth the writing in gold.

Philosophy is a sweet study, and the Histories are sometime worth the reading, but the Bible in all excellency puts downe all the Bookes in the World.

Much reading makes a ready Scholler, but the gift of nature doth much in Aft.

Wits private wealth.

A Foole and a knave cannot take thought, while an honest heart is full of sorrow.

A faire Traveller seeth much, but he that goes to Heaven makes a happy journey.

The Kings of the earth are rich in Gold; but blessed are the soules that are rich in grace.

The Ayre is often cleansed by lightning, but till the World change, men will never be cleane from sinne.

An escape from danger is comfortable, but to keepe out of it is Wisedome.

He that makes an Epicure of his minde, makes a gull of his wit: for time is precious to the understanding Spirit.

A Diamond may be little, and yet of a great price, but the grace of God is more worth than the whole World.

Fancy and fashion trouble many idle people, but the study of Divinity ravisheth the soules of the Elect.

Cockes of the Game will by nature fight, and a heart of Oake will burit ere it bend.

The sight of the Sea will fright a faint heart, while the Saylers care but a little for the Land.

The eyres of fooles make a foule noyse, while the hearts of the honest bleed inwardly.

May-games and jests fill the World full of mirth, but the feeling of Grace fills the soule full of joy.

A Fly feeds a Swallow that will choake a man, and that which kills a Spider, will comfort a man.

The Stone and the Gowte doe follow the rich, but Death where he commeth makes a swoape with all persons.

A poore man in his Cottage is merrier with his pittance, then many a Lord with his Living.

Great minds and small meanes, are the overthrow of many good wits.

A broken heart is Gods cure, whose oyle of grace is a salve for all sores.

He that hath forsworne a Beard hath a strange face, and he that hath no teeth may earne to sucke.

A friend is best tryed at a need, and a fawning Foe is not to be trusted.

Beefe and Mutton are strong food,
sauce to any meat in the World.

Sicknesse is the bodies curse, and sorrow the minds; but
unkindnesse in a friend, is the break-heart of a good spirit.

Necessity will break thorow stome walles, but to make an
exercise of Beggery, is the condition of a Rascall.

A painted Sword is for a bragging Coward, but the Souldiers
Iron makes way where he goes.

The rarenesse of a toy will set up the price, but the goodnesse
of any thing is best esteemed with the wise.

A Bird without feathers will flye ill-favouredly, and a man
without money, is out of heart with all mirth.

To be delivered of a Child is a joy to a Woman, and to be
delivered from prison is comfort to a man, but to be delivered
from sinne is the truest joy of the soule.

A forward Child is seldom long lived and to beget a foole
is a griefe to the Parents.

He that cryeth without cause, is worthy of hurt, and he that
feeleth no hurt, is full of dead flesh.

Travaile is good for stayed wits, and a strong body is best for
labour.

The rich man to fill the t'other bag, will pare a poore man to
the very bones, but the good man will relieve his poore neighbour
at his need.

An unskilfull Rider may quickly be out of his Saddle, and a
poore Horſe can goe but softly.

Some say Tobacco is good to purge the Head, but he that
followeth it well, will finde it a shrewd purge to his purse.

No eye can ſee the brightnesse of the Sunne; how glorious is
then that light from whence it hath light?

Many are fortunate that are not wise, but there is no man happy
untill he come into Heaven.

Fire and ſword are the terror of a Campe, but Thunder and
lightning are the terror of the World.

A faire Horſe is a comfortable Lodging, but the ſweet
revived the ſences.

A faire Horſe is comely to looke on, but if he prove he
be is nought for travaile.

Contentions refine the Spirits of the faithfull, and
happy is the heart that endures to the end.

Many factions breeds seditions, but unity and peace are the
joyes of a Kingdome.

An Aches bray is an unpleasant noyse, but the knell of a passing Bell, kills the heart of the wicked.

A man will forbear many things for feare of the Law, but
few forbear any sinne for feare of Gods Judgement.

Delicate meates are no strong food, but the Spring-waters
is cleere drinke.

Great assemblies are markets for the Cut-purse, but a bare
purse kills his heart.

Envie among great men, makes misery of poore men, and
when women breeds the quarrels, they are not easily ended.

A discreet Judge makes a blessed Law, and a penitent Offender
is worthy of fardon.

Great boast and small roast, makes a cold Kitchin, and shrugging
of shoulders is no paying of debts.

He that may live well and will not, is of a wicked nature, but
he that would live well and cannot, hath his heart full of griefe.

The Flies and the Bees live in swarmes, and the Ants and the
Wormes live in heapes, but men can hardly make a Company
to live in quiet.

Poysoned drinke may be in a silver Cup, and he that plucketh
a Rose, may prick his hand in gathering of it.

The Porches in the Sea will play against a storme, and many
make a Banquet to be rid of their gnets.

The Merchant and the Trades-man are upholders of a Common-
wealth, but if they leave out the Farmer, they may fast for
their supper.

A discreet woman is worthy of honour, and a foolish man is
the disgrace of Nature.

Young Children dread the fire, while old Fooles will play
with the coales.

A ravening Curre is not good for a houle, and a Hawke that
is fowle, will never be a high flyer.

He that removes a Land-marke, is a very bad neighbour, and
sets a Travailer out of his way, is a wicked villain.

A delaying hope is grievous to the heart, but to despaine is the greatest torment of the soule.

To lye in bed and not sleepe, to see meate and have no smacke, to serve long and get no wages, are three great miseries in the life of man.

No man knowes a griefe so well as he that hath it, and no man more joyfull than he that is rid of it.

It is a griefe to a man to lache wit, but more griefe to some to lache grace to governe it.

An aged man is a Kalender of experience, and a spruce Youth is like a picture.

A deadly wound makes a quicke dispatch, but a linging hope breeds a long griefe.

To meddie with State matters may be more trouble than profit, but to part man and wife is a wicked practice.

At a little hole a man may see day, but if he shuts his eyes, the light will doe him little good.

Horse-leeches will burst with sucking of blood, and a sveling Toade is a venomous creature.

A Tortoise shell will hardly breake, but at the leaft touch she will pull in her head.

He that hath a wife hath a charge, and he that hath a good wife, hath a blessing, but he that hath a bad wife, is in a pittifull taking.

She that loves not her Husband, lackes either honesty or wit, and she that loves not her selfe, will goe neere to be fluttish.

The VVinters night is for the Gossips Cup, and Summers heate makes the Brewers Harvest.

The Lambe and the Dove are two prey creatures, but the Dog and the Hog are sullen beasts.

A Foxe by nature is full of craft, while a Foole wants reason to make use of it.

The smooth grasse will hide a Snake, and a fained smile a false heart.

To goe to Church for fashion, is an abuse of Religion, and to pray without devotion, is breath to no purpose.

Good Inke graceth a letter, but if thy Paper be naught, the Pen will doe no good.

A long dyet kyls the stomacke, and a desperate purge may be
a perill of life,

The Owle and the Swallow bring in Winter and Summer,
but the Nightingale and the Cuckow talke onely of the merry
time.

Light gaines make heavie purses, but he that labours for no-
thing, may give over his worke.

He that will hold out the yeare, must abide VVinter and
Summer, and he that will goe into Heaven, must endure the
miseries of the VVorld.

To feed a lester is but a jest of wit, but he that gives not eare
to a tale, it never troubles him.

VVhen a Lyon roares, come not in his way, and when a Fox
preacheth, beware the Geese.

A faithfull friend is a rich Jewell, and a silent woman is a
strange creature.

Nature is subiect to imperfection, but an Atheist is a horrible
creature.

Hee that lights in a whirle-poole, is in danger of drowning,
and the losse of liberty is the sorrow of nature.

A tich Court is a goodly sight, but he that lookes up to
Heaven, will not care for the VVorld.

VVhen old men are wilfull, their wits are out of temper, and
when young men are wise, they are in the way to honour.

An old Sore tryes the skill of a Physician, and if hee get a
name, he will quickly be rich.

The Fish in the River is not afraid of drowning, and if he
play with a Baite, it will cost him his life.

An Asse hath long eares, and a Fox a long tayle, but a tonge
will be so long, that it will over-reach out of measure.

A neighing Horse is not good for a Thief, nor a quenting
Spaniell will not make a good Setter.

A Dog will rejoice at the sight of his Master, when perhaps
his Mistris will frowne at his comming hore.

The bones of the dead, breake the hearts of the living, when
poore gamester looseth his money.

The idlenesse of the heart is tryed in adversty, and the dog-
gednesse of the mind, in the heighth of prosperity.

When the Hare is in chace feare makes her runnes, but w. . .
the Hounds are at fault, she hath time to get away.

He that playes the Rogue in the morning, may be a villain
till night, but if he be sorry when he goes to bed, he may rise an
honest man.

He that is wounded in the Heart, hath made an end of his
dayes, but he that hath made a wound in the Soule, knowes not
when to end his sorrow.

A Looking-glaſſe will make a Foole proud of his beauty, but
an Houre-glaſſe will make a wise man remember his end.

The variety of Flowers makes the Spring beautifull, but the
faire Harvest makes a fat Barne.

To bacco smoke is very costly, but the ashes of it are good for
a gall'd Horse Backe.

A proud Mechanique will looke over a Merchant, and a rich
Churke will looke like Buil-beefe.

The wind is weake, yet it blowes downe great Oakes, and
water is weake, yet it lwallowes up great Ships.

A worme-eaten Nut is not worth the cracking, and a crackt
Jewell not worth the wearing.

Money-masters are the pride of the Market, but if you part
without a pot, you are no good fellow.

A subtile Bowler will have a shrewd ayme, but if he misse his
bayce, his Bowle may deceive him.

A dropping nose had need of a handketcher, and a splayfoo-
ted woman is a beastly sight.

Time is never idle, but not ever well employed, when wit
without government falls to falt upon folly.

He that hath many wounds, loseth much bloud, and he that
hath many quarrels, will have hitle quiet.

Unkindnesse is a cut to an honest heart, but a dogged wife is
the hearts torture.

He that faltis his meate, will keepe it from stinking, and he
that mortifiſes his ſteſt, will keepe it from much ſtene.

He that hath an ill ſtee, had need of a good wit, but money
covereth many imperfections.

When the winder are downe, the ſea will be calme, but quar-
rels begun, are not easily ended.

Where there is much earnest, there will be store of Crows,
and at the buriall of a Rich man, there will be store of Beggers.
Threescore yeeres and ten are a mans faire age, but after
four score his strength is gone.

To wrastle with a Begger, a man may get but a lowse, and
to bratre with a scold, will make but a foule noyse.

Many hands make quicke worke, but one is enough in a
purse.

Good hearbes make wholesome broth, but a filthy weed among
them may marre all.

A Winters Summer makes an unkindly Harvest, and Sum-
mers Winter is not healthfull for man.

A Cuckold is the scorne of Marriage, but a Wittoll is a
beast in nature.

A finicall fellow is like an Usher of a dauring Schoole, and
a demure Mistresse like the picture of Hipocrisie.

Three chiefe things a Travailour had need to have a care of,
his tongue, his purse, and his middle finger.

Three other things had all men need to looke to : the
soule, the body, and the estate.

To converte with Children is got little experience : but to
talke with Fooles, is the abusse of wit.

Revenge is the villany of nature, and tyranie the horror of
reason.

What a jest it is in the nature of reverence, when men must
put off their Hats while their Masters are a pissing ?

Vie makes perfection in many things ; else could not the
Hang-man be so nimble at the halter.

A skilfull Physitian knowes how to use his Patient, and a
cunning Lawyer to doe with his Clyent.

He that hath a Mint of money, and an idle woman to spend it,
let him feed all her humours, and he shall soone see an end of it.

He that reckoneth his Chickens before they be hatcht, may
miss of his brood when the Hen leaves the nest.

When Geese fly together, they are knowne by their cack-
ing, and when Gossips doe meet they will be heard.

All earthly things have an end, but the tormentes of the
wicked are endless.

In great extremities are tryed the greatest friendshipes, when mans heape faileth, God is a sweet comfort.

The miseries of the world are many, but Gods mercies are infinite.

Hollow windes are a signe of paine, and a long consumption is incurable.

The Gout and the Stone are two tickling diseases, but the Pox is a slight cure.

Hell gates, and a Whores apron, are ever open for wicked guests.

To the faithfull there is no damnation, and to the damned no salvation.

A crafty Knave needs no Broker, and a snarling Curie will bite behind.

Under simplicite is hidden much subtilltie, and the Crocodiles teares are the death of the Travailer.

The Camelion liveth onely in the ayre, and the Salamander lives onely in the fire.

To traffike with vanity, is to ruine into misery, and hard I-wisit is an idle speech.

The world goes hard with pride, when a Lady lyes at a red Lattice.

True Knights make Ladies, and counterfeits marre them.

Need makes heavie shift, when a man pawnes his cloathes for his dinner.

When Taylors began to meeke Lords Lands by the yard, then began Gentility to goe downe the wende.

VVhen vanity brings toyes to idlenesse, let wit beware of foolishnesse.

VVhen a Soldiers pay is most in provant, he will hardly be led into a sharpe piece of service.

He that makes holiday of every day, makes an idle weches worke, and he that labours on the Sabbath, will never have his worke to prosper.

A Schollers commonnes makes a short dinner, and yet he will be in more health then the Epicure.

An ill blast of wind will spoyle a good plant, and a hard frost is bad for fruit.

Wits private Wealth.

A poore man shuts his doore to keepe out the wind, but a rich man shuts his doore to keepe out beggers.

A kindly Collier is ever besmeared, and a Smith and a Glasse-maker, are never out of the fire.

A Downe bed is soft to lye on, but yet it seakes the body more then a Mattris.

Truth hath often much adoe to be beleaved, and a lye runs faire before it be stayed.

To be busie with a multitude, is to incurre trouble, and to feare Sparrow-blaſting is a pittifull folly.

When wit brings youth to beauty, and vanity brings pride to beggery, then reason feeth natures misery.

A sorry bargaine makes a heavie Soule, when the heart akes and cannot be helpt.

Evill words are the wort part of eloquence, & he that breaks the peace, must answer the Law.

Affability breeds love, but familiarity contempt.

He that is careleſſe of his estate, may quickly prove a begger, and he that is feareleſſe of God, will quickly prove a Diuell.

Witches and Sorcerers doe much hurt a Common-wealth, but after the Gallowes, they goe to the Divell.

A Parrot-well taught, will talke ſtrangeiy in a Cage, but the Nightingale ſings moſt ſweetly in the Wood.

An unkind Neighbour is ill to dwell by, and an unwholeſome body is ill to lye by.

A poſonied Sword is a peſilent weapon, and he that weſth it, hath a murtherous heart.

A trotting Horse beates ſore in heard way, but a reſtive Jade is a villanous Beast.

The wound of ſorrow goes deepe into the heart, but a Bullet in the braine is a medicine for all Diseases.

An illweede growes fast, but a paire of ſheares will cut him downe.

Jobes reaſon was moſt abhominable, and Jobes patience moſt admirale.

Sweete fresh water is comfortable in a City, and the wante of it the plague of the people.

Study is the exercise of the mind, but too much of it may
spoil the braine.

When the Saddle pincheth, how can the Horse travaille?
and when the wife laoke money, their wits are in a poore
case.

Howling Dogs betoken death, and a Scritch-Owle at a win-
dow brings no good sydings to a houle.

Babes will be stilled with lullaby, but an old Foole will never
be quiet.

The Sunne is the Labourers Dyall, and the Cocke the Hus-
wifes VVatchman.

Diogenes Tub was a poore house, and yet Alexander would
come thither to talke with him.

Many a Dog is hanged for his skin, and many a man is kil-
led for his purse.

Hee that loves not a VVoman, lackes a piece of a man
and he that loves too many, may be weary of his VVoo-
ing.

The favour of the Earth makes a Plough-man hungry, and
after a storne, the Saylers drinke merrily.

A VVaxe-caddle and a VVatch are good for a Student, but
if he want wit, he will be no great Scholler.

A private rebuke, is a sweet correction, but an open punish-
ment makes some shamelesse.

When Shepheards fail to be Hunts-men, the Woolfe may be
with their Flockes: and when he Warrener is at the Ale-
house, his Coneyes may bestolne.

He that goeth softly, commonly goeth safely: but if he have
haft of his way, he loseth much time.

'Tis soone enough, that is well enough, and never too late
that doth good at last.

The desire of doing well is accepted before God, but the neg-
lect of doing well deserueth his displeasure.

Sweet are the deuets of Love, but bitter is the tast of repen-
tance.

Who attendeth profit, is not sorry for patience, and
the faithfull with the patient, are best Travailers to Hea-
ven.

A faire hand is a vertuous ornament, but a vertuous spirit is
royall treasure.

A sharpe wit hath a quick invention; but a judicious spirit
with the best understanding.

He that trutteh words, provereth hope, and he that serveth
time, feeleth time.

Without valour, Men are shadowes : and without love, Wo
men tortures.

Delay is the grief of hope, but good never comes to late.

That is not to day may be to morrow, but yesterday will never come again.

It is a tearfull thing to fall into the hands of God, but it is a
soule thing to shake hands with the Devill.

The greatest proof of folly is wilfulness, and the greatest proof of wit is patience.

Too much reading is ill for the eye-sight; and too little reading is ill for the insight.

Time slipped is unhappy, time lost is grievous, time well spent shows rare, but to employ it well is gracious; Nov. 21.

and applications of the V.A. and V.B. systems.

And so much for this time.

Algeria, the most important of the three countries, has a population of 30 million and a gross national product of \$15 billion.

Laus Deo. vixit auctoritatem suam.

and a solid ring which may be used to hold the wire in place.

and our taxes. We are now a third of our debts.

ENIS

regarding the use of the word *sovereignty* in the same sense.

